

# WEST POINT ELEVEN WINS, OUTGENERALLING THE NAVAL TEAM.

25,000 Persons Witness the Exciting Struggle at Franklin Field, Philadelphia.

Score of 17 to 5 Shows That the Experts Were Far Off in Calculations.

By Charles Michelson.

Philadelphia, Dec. 2.—The army and navy football game, which was the first of the season, was played at Franklin field, Philadelphia, today. The game was a great success, and the army team won by a score of 17 to 5.

The Naval Academy came in near winning the game they played with the generals-to-be as Admiral Montojo did to winning the battle of Manila.

Some time ago Caesar made a Latin remark equivalent to this: "The excellence of strategy is often nullified by the inadequacy of tactics." And the eleven earnest young men who represented Annapolis in the football game at Franklin field today exemplified the truth of the old Roman.

Their plans were all that could be wished; their execution was as far from their aspirations as their score was from the winning one.

Twenty-five or thirty thousand people assembled to see the pups of war let loose at Franklin field. Most of them came to watch a triumph of the naval arm of the government's scholastic department over the land branch.

So They Thought.

Pretty nearly every man had carefully explained to his beribboned consort that the war had sapped West Point of the best of her football material, and that, naturally, the veteran football team of the Naval Academy would be the greenward with the lads from West Point.

That West Point changed the ideas of the multitude and the football team of the Naval Academy and major-generals, in the course of a couple of hours, made the admirals look like Aquilino's government.

When the game was done today the army had supplanted the navy as the popular branch of the service.

It has been a long time since the Grants and Lewtons and Miles of some day met the Farraguts and Porters and Deweys of that time on the gridiron and, with the exception of the few who were present, the casualties of a collision of the two academies would exceed those of a modern battle.

Gallant Warfare.

As a matter of fact the butcher's bill was small. When West Point's end passed his Annapolis vis-a-vis in the jaw in a ferocious moment, he apologized, and the Dewey of the next war forebore to kick him in the face.

There never was a more brilliant gathering than that of the football game at Franklin field today. The colors of the West Point contingent, a blue-gray and white, were everywhere. The colors of the Naval Academy, a blue and gold, were also everywhere.

The opening engagement was between the bands of the rivals. The Naval Academy band, in circular formation, opened with volleys of patriotic airs. The West Point band responded with a plugging fire of brass.

At 2 o'clock the army band blared forth "The Captain," while the three hundred cadets yelled the song.

The navy musicians met this with "Hail Columbia." In like fashion the Georgia College band, which was present, played "The Star-Spangled Banner."

During a temporary truce both bands played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and everybody stood and cheered, as they used to do in war time.

Mascots for the Teams.

Both sides had mascots. The generals had an army mule decked with their colors and a bulldog of uncertain temper. The navy had a ducky carved in blue and gold. The result indicated the superiority of a mule and a bulldog over a colored gnomish mascot, though the latter worked his hardest.

The crowd was a brilliant one. Scattered through it were a few of the army and navy, and a few of the general public. The game was a great success, and the army team won by a score of 17 to 5.

The West Pointers were as much ahead of the sailor boys in voice as they were in play. The football game was a great success, and the army team won by a score of 17 to 5.

The preliminaries of the game were marked by all sorts of graceful courtesies. To begin with, the cadets twisted their academy yell and sang a cheer for the navy, and those who go down to the sea in ships responded with a glorious shout for West Point. But after the start the rival factions attended strictly to business and cheered for their own side exclusively. Never had rival teams so much encouragement.

Whenever the middies were in trouble, which they were frequently, the whole north side of the grand stand cheered them to renewed effort. Whenever the sailor boys made a gain the entire south side roared and yelled in appreciation.

The bandmen were the most excited of the spectators. Whenever West Point scored the musicians in the southwest corner of the field struck up a triumphant strain, and while they played they jumped in pure pluck and daring and determination they snatched five points from their masters at the game. It showed the stuff they were made of.

Nowhere was the cheering louder when the sailor men carried the ball over the line than had been so hardly defended than in this blue-gray patch that marked where the cadets sat.

Closing Scenes.

The closing scenes of the game will not be forgotten by anybody who saw them. Over the barriers swarmed three hundred boys in gray. The footed the field and formed a bodyguard for the eleven, who had held their banner up so gallantly. They swept the football team off their feet and carried them from the grounds.

In the years to come these boys will show their heroism on real battlefields, but never will one of them think of the brave fire and shell, gain a greater height in the minds of his fellows than he did today when, before 30,000 cheering men and women, he proved that the army cadets were better than the navy whelps at football.



CASAD, OF WEST POINT, SKIRTING THE END ON A DOUBLE PASS.

By Harry Beecher.

Philadelphia, Dec. 2.—Our future generals proved themselves the better football players by defeating our coming admirals by a score of seventeen to five on Franklin field this afternoon.

It was a gallant struggle, full of strategy and combining all the tactics that make up a football war.

West Point, while the under dog in the betting, surprised her antagonists and admirers by putting up a snappy, fierce game. She won by superior plays rather than by superior players. Her team were a happy family, each one helping the other, and the combination was too much for the middies.

It was the most picturesque struggle of the football year. Everything was done in military and navy style, and the onlookers felt patriotism creeping up their spines with each new development.

One almost expected the players to salute their captains after each play, so closely were tactics followed.

The cadets won by picking out the weak spot of their opponent and hammering it until it became too sore to hold the attacks. They used superior generalship, and out-thanked their enemy, compelling him to retire in complete rout. The result, while unexpected, proves the pluck and brace of the army, and the stubborn resistance offered by the navy shows that they, too, can fight a losing battle without disgrace.

Soldiers Win Toss.

West Point won the toss, and chose the goal that corresponded to her name. Bel-knap kicked off for the middies, and the teams lined up on West Point's thirty-yard line. There was no hesitation on the part of the army. They hustled Clark at right end, and aided by line interference, out-flanked the enemy for a thirty-yard run.

Jackson charged through the center for four more, and the ball was exactly where it was at the opening of the game. Cassad attacked Halligan's territory successfully for six yards, aided by a friendly pass from Jackson. The fumble gave the navy the ball. Gannon torpedoes through Nichols for two yards, and Fowler hit the same spot for four more.

Gannon and Fowler attacked the left side of the navy for a successive gain of six yards, and the band of 300 middies sang a chorus to the effect that it was "Dead End."

Gannon pulled out four yards. He got two more from Burnett, which made the first down. He sailed at the same spot again, and got three more, but Wade and Nichols were enabled to advance, and a double pass was stopped in its tracks by the activity of the West Point line. The

Manhattan Boys Beat Bronx School.

The Boys' High School of Manhattan defeated the Morris High School of Bronx in a hard-fought game of football yesterday by a score of 15 to 0. The game was for the metropolitan high school championship.

For Boys' High Club, Winter, Waltz and Korman played the best game. For Morris, Fergus played the best game.

The line-up:

Morris H. S. O. Position. N. Y. H. S. O. Position.

Moran (McGee) Left tackle. Reynolds (McGee) Left tackle.

McGee Left guard. Reynolds Left guard.

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cadets got the ball on downs.

The very little Clark scooted round right end for ten yards, and Jackson banged four more out of the center, a tandem aimed at Wortman advanced two, and made a first down.

Jackson and Cassad ate up three yards between them, and the play was at the center of the field. The navy repulsed Cassad's attack without gain, but Clark picked a hole at right tackle, and string-gled ahead for six yards.

"Eat 'em up."

A stentorian refrain from the Cadets, "Eat 'em up," seemed to electrify the army's aggression. Clark charged at right tackle and was not repulsed until he had gained six yards. Cassad and Jackson lunged in the center for three more, and Jackson pierced the enemy's center for enough to make it a first down.

Cassad skirted left end with good interference, and gained four yards, but at his next attempt was dropped in his tracks by the fierce tackle of a middy. A mass at center made it a first down.

Cassad squirmed two yards out of Long's territory, and the guards back formation allowed Jackson to make two more at the center. Clark cannon-bled through Wortman for three yards of hard-earned gain.

A cadet tandem ate its way through Nichols for two more and a revolving wedge twisted around to the 25-yard line. The army machine was going like clock-work. The gains were small but solid, and the peculiar part of the play was that not a kick had been used since the starting-gun was fired.

Cassad Carries It Over.

Jackson hurled himself at center and with the aid of his pushing comrades nipped six yards. A savage tandem play at Wortman was literally jumped through the line, Clark carrying the ball for four yards. Jackson thumped through center to the 10-yard line and the army mule, dressed in the gorgeous colors of West Point, trotted alone to the line.

Two tandems lurled at Wortman yielded three yards and Jackson cut off enough advance to make it a first down. Clark hit the same place with a yard's success and a revolving wedge, with Cassad carrying the ball twisted over the goal line for touchdown. An easy goal resulted and the score was 6 to 0 in West Point's favor.

Annapolis ballooned the leather far into West Point's territory, but it was snuffed, but fortunately fallen upon on the 15-yard line. The over-anxiety of the soldiers was penalized by a 10-yard gift to the navy.

Jackson punted forty yards to the center of the field. Gannon started like an ice wagon and was thrown by Burnett without advancing. Wade ballooned to the army's 35-yard line. After Jackson made a futile attempt to plore the navy's center, Jackson, booted the ball to Osterhaus, who nimbly dodged his way back fifty yards.

Gannon's Twenty-Five-Yard Run.

Gannon found a splendid opening at center and dashed ahead for twenty-five yards, much to the discouragement of the cadet

delegation. Wade hurled himself through center for two by a gallant leap. Two attacks at right end, Berrien's territory, proved that the navy had spotted, as they gained sixteen yards by the two plays. A fumble, and a bad one at that, gave West Point the ball on the twenty-five yard line. Clark lashed himself at left tackle, and was literally pushed and pulled along for a ten-yard advance. Two smashes at the center by Jackson gave three more, and a fake kick made it the first down. Two plunges by Jackson and a hurdle by Clark at the center gained four yards only, and the ball went to the navy on downs in the center of the field.

Soldiers' Good Defence.

Gannon and Fowler skirted right and left end successively for seven yards of advance. Wade's plunge at center was futile. Fowler was buried at Bunker and Farnsworth for a net gain of five yards. Gannon hurdled through center and came out free, running ten yards before he was brought to the ground. Two fierce plunges by Gannon gave up five more, and the ball was on the cadets' ten-yard line. Navy cheers boomed for fair, and a score seemed imminent.

The next three guns fired by the navy failed to do damage, and the ball went to West Point on downs. The cadets put up a plucky defence and deserved this reward. Jackson sky-rocketed to the forty-yard line, and Mr. Gannon, of Annapolis, shook his head over left tackle for two yards. A fake pass was slipped in the bud, Osterhaus tried a kick close to the line, and Gannon, who was on the side, got the ball. Burnett skinned Fowler deep in the grass without gain. Two fierce plunges by Gannon for four yards and made a first down.

Gannon was thrown by Bunker with a thud that could be heard on the bleachers. Fowler and Wade were dropped in their tracks, and the ball went to West Point on downs on the forty-yard line.

Middies Get the Ball.

A double pass gained a yard, and a kick close to the line gave Annapolis the ball on the 40-yard line. This play was eminently unexpected by the navy's backs, as the ball sailed over their heads and bounced toward their goal line for thirty yards. A fake kick allowed a middy to plunge four yards through the center. Wade sailed the ball through the stadium where to West Point's 40-yard line.

A tandem at right tackle yielded two, and another close kick gave Annapolis the ball on the 40-yard line. This play again did good execution. Time was called for a score of 6 to 0 in favor of West Point.

End Half.

A low kick by West Point at the opening of the second half gave the ball to the middies. The navy's defense was a short spiral and West Point had it on her forty-five-yard line. Two attacks at right tackle yielded a yard, and the cadet general ordered a punt.

Jackson lifted it thirty-five yards out of bounds, and the battle ships started to play

on their fifteen-yard line. Wade immediately dropped back for a punt, and the wind helped his endeavor, and carried the ball over the backs' heads.

Fowler, the catcher, twisted his neck in attempting to run it back. Jackson booted it to the navy's thirty-five-yard line and Annapolis returned the compliment to West Point's thirty-five-yard line.

Jackson ballooned low into the navy's territory. A savage tandem at Farnsworth made five yards, but a mixed signal on the next play lost one. Gannon was thrown back by Hopkins without gain. Wade ballooned fifty yards to Cassad, who dodged back fifteen yards until he collided with Halligan.

Clark was unable to flank the right end, and Jackson punted the ball to the center of the field. A viable pass by the middies yielded a yard, but Gannon bounced back from right tackle without gain.

Wade Slams the Ball.

Wade slammed the ball to the army's thirty-yard line. Jackson plunged through right tackle for five yards, and Clark hit the same spot for five more. Jackson helped matters by hurdling five yards through center. Cassad and Jackson between them netted four more yards. A tandem at right tackle brought the ball to the center of the field. Another tandem at the same spot gained three and knocked Nichols out flat. He left the game groggy. Clark plunged through Nichols for four yards. Jackson lunged through center for one and Cassad procured two through Nichols.

The ball was moved up the field by the cadets with a certainty that was appalling. Not by sensational runs nor by tricks were the gains made. It was by a combination of machine-like plays that ate up the ground as mercilessly as a mower cuts the grain. Cassad and Clark shot themselves into Nichols at right tackle and scurried over two yards of gain.

West Point Gets Five Yards.

The middies became anxious, and for interference at the center West Point got five yards. Bang went Jackson through the center for four more, and Clark, finding an open roadway at right tackle, sprinted fifteen yards until he was doubled up by a fierce tackle from Osterhaus. The ball was on the middies' ten-yard line, and the army meant business.

Two brilliant plunges by Cassad pierced the middies' line for seven yards of gain, but Jackson bounced back from his lurch at center without advance. Rockwell twisted through on a revolving wedge, and fell sprawling over the goal line for a ten-yard gain. The ball was punted out and a goal scored, making the total ten West Point 12, Cadets 0.

The admiral's hurled the plegkin to West Point's thirty-yard line. Cassad started for left end, and the Generals formed a perfect interference for his run. Every middy in the way was smothered by a cadet, and not until he had traversed twenty yards was he brought to mother earth. Jackson cannon-balled through center for four yards.

Clark attacked Nichols and gained a decision of three, making the first down. Jackson and Clark between them pulled out

DOWNNEY VS. FLAHERTY BOUT TAKES PLACE ON DEC. 11.

The Downey-Flaherty bout at the Hercules Athletic Club, Myrtle avenue, near Broadway, Brooklyn, has been set for a week from to-morrow night, December 11, instead of Thursday of this week. Both wanted the extra time to train, as each appreciates the toughness of the task before him. There will be no change in the number of rounds or weight, they remaining at twenty-five rounds and 126 pounds. The club will have a bout arranged for Thursday night, December 7, just the same, and it will be a card of considerable merit.

Joe Bernstein, who defeated Dave Watkins in such quick time Friday night, will probably be put against a good man. On Monday, December 18, the star bout at the Hercules Athletic Club will be between Dal Hawkins and Tim Kearns. They will go twenty-five rounds at light weight.

Evers to Fight Hamilton.

Troy, N. Y., Dec. 2.—Jimmy Evers, of this city, today posted \$100 as a forfeit for a match with Jack Hamilton, the 122-pound boxer, fight to take place before the Manhattan A. C., this city, within six weeks. Evers is an all-around athlete and a cousin of Champion Terry McGovern. The latter will probably prepare Evers for the battle.

BRITISH CHESS PLAYERS ACCEPT OUR CHALLENGE.

Oxford and Cambridge were heard from yesterday officially by L. D. Broughton, Jr., of Brooklyn, who represents Columbia, Harvard, Yale and Princeton in the negotiations for the second cable chess match between students of those universities. The British universities accept the challenge sent a few weeks ago, and suggest that the match be played in April, 1900. The matches are played with six players a side by cable, the Americans playing in New York, the British in London.

Harvard Captain's Election Delayed.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 2.—There is a hitch in the election of the Harvard captaincy, which, according to some of the players, will last a month or more. There was the regular meeting for the election this afternoon, but the men, after a little preliminary balloting, decided to wait until all of the men could be present. Halliwell, Bohl, Burnett and Kendall are out of town, and the men objected to taking their vote by wire, hence the election that was promised for last night has been delayed, and many men say that it will be a month before it is settled. The nature of the hitch is the subject of very much college talk.

Daily life, the support of nearly every coach of prominence, but these coaches have no word in the election beyond suggestion and influence. The men themselves are divided between Halliwell, Daly and Reid, and at this time it is impossible to say who will get there.

MANHATTAN BOYS BEAT BRONX SCHOOL.

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Secretary of War Root, Secretary of the Navy Long and Gen. Miles The

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chewed off two more at the centre then threaded his way through right for a touchdown.

It was a fitting finish for such a game. It would have been too bad not to Annapolis to have scored, for she played a plucky game. And while rivalry in athletics engenders these sometimes, it also fosters friendships. Army were sure winners and a bite to the navy was at least a consolation.

The goal failed and the score was 5 in favor of West Point. A de-punting match ended the spirited with the ball at the centre of the field. The game was played without action could make the meeting of these branches of service. It was a gallant fleet from start to finish and brought together the elements that make pete paramount.

Long may they continue, for army sports need such contests to round out proper ending. The line up was as follows:

West Point.	Position.	Annapolis.
Smith	Left end	Wortman
Farnsworth	Left tackle	Hopkins
Hopkins	Left guard	Berrien
Berrien	Center	Hopkins
Berrien	Right guard	Hopkins
Berrien	Right tackle	Hopkins
Berrien	Right end	Hopkins
Berrien	Quarter back	Hopkins
Berrien	Full back	Hopkins
Berrien	Kicker	Hopkins
Berrien	Line back	Hopkins
Berrien	Punt back	Hopkins
Berrien	Manager	Hopkins
Berrien	Treasurer	Hopkins
Berrien	Secretary	Hopkins
Berrien	Reporter	Hopkins
Berrien	Editor	Hopkins
Berrien	Printer	Hopkins
Berrien	Distributor	Hopkins
Berrien	Collector	Hopkins

Cured of Drinking

A Woman's Secret Method Which She Cured Her Husband Who Was a Terrible Drunkard.

Mixed a Remedy in His Coffee and For Cured Him Without His Help or Knowledge.

It takes a woman to overcome obstacles. Mrs. Chas. W. Harry, 920 York st., Newport, Ky., had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privation due to her husband's drinking habits.

She had the ball on West Point's ten-yard line. Osterhaus tried a drop-kick, but made a bad failure. Jackson, after punting out of bounds from the twenty-five yard line, booted it, booted it to Osterhaus, who returned the leather to West Point's eighteen-yard line. Jackson jumped through center for four yards.

A tandem at left tackle made no gain, and the ball was given to Annapolis for holding in the line. Wade fired himself at center, but bounced back. A plunge by Gannon and a mass on left tackle gained four yards.

For disobedience of orders on the part of West Point Annapolis got five yards, and the ball was on the army's ten-yard line. Three attempts to gain by the middies failed, but Jackson booted it to West Point. Jackson received the ball on downs.

Jackson did not hesitate to kick, and sent the leather sailing out of bounds on the thirty-five-yard line, but the ball was called back and given to Annapolis for holding in the line.

Middies Score.

It was a sad decision for West Point. Fowler squirmed his way through left tackle for three yards, and Gannon got one more at the same spot. Elf went Wade into the center and added three yards. It was the first down, with the ball on the army's five-yard line. Wade

"KID" M'PARTLAND ON THE WARPATH.

"Kid" McPartland is one of the many aspirants for lightweight championship honors who would like to meet the winner of the Erne-O'Brien fight at Coney Island to-morrow. McPartland says he will post a forfeit of \$1,000 and issue a challenge after Monday's fight.

There are other lightweights who come before McPartland in the eyes of the two contesting boxers. Joe Gans and George McFadden seem to have first call on the championship honors.

"Doc" Payne After Thorne.

Doc Payne, who for the past few years has been "Kid" McCo's sparring partner, would like to get on a match with some good middle-weight. Payne would like to try conclusions with either Jeff Thorne, the Englishman, or Andy Walsh, of Brooklyn.

Learning there was a cure for drunkenness which she could give her husband secretly she decided to try it. She mixed it in his food and coffee, and as the remedy is odorless and tasteless he never knew what it was that so quickly relieved the craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up in flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work, and they now have a happy home. Mr. Harry was told about his wife's experiment and he gives her the credit of having restored him to his senses. It is certainly a remarkable remedy, cures a man without his effort, does him no harm and causes him no suffering whatever.

Dr. Haines, the discoverer, will send a sample of this grand remedy free to all who will write for it. Enough of the remedy is